

Res.
81715
P977

VOL. XXX.—No. 738.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 16th, 1891.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Copyright, 1891, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF HORSES — AND NO TIME TO LOSE, EITHER.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 16th, 1891. — No. 758.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS CERTAINLY a high and noble use of money to spend it in teaching men religion, morality, and the best lessons of civilization. And yet it is doubtful if there is a dollar spent in the cause of religion that is so nearly a dollar wasted as the dollar that goes to the "support of foreign missions" from the Protestant's pocket. The magnificent machinery of the Catholic Church brings her in a certain, tangible, material return for the money she invests for such purposes. But the Protestant churches can neither use such machinery nor obtain such results. But that is one of the most difficult things in the world to explain to the good people who are "interested in foreign missions."

These good people are mostly women of middle age, whom circumstances shut out from a healthy and active participation in the life about them. They give the strength of a narrow but intense enthusiasm to their service; and they often influence, directly or indirectly, the disposal of vast sums of money. They are earnest and honest; but their ignorance is as great as their sincerity. They live in a world of their own; a world of illusions, based on "reports" and "bulletins" and "annual summaries" and heaven knows what of hysterical, unreal, exaggerated, unreasonable propagandish literature. The reports are from good, honest, well-meaning, tactless, inefficient, ignorant missionaries, faithful souls who will never learn the A B C of human nature, who can never understand the people among whom they work; who, ever deceiving themselves, innocently deceive the charitable folk who support them.

Their literature, which is to them what novels are to the worldly, is for the greatest part made up of tales of little Babu Bim or Baba Bunda, heathen children, who, being converted, become little models of morbidly religious ecstasy, to be held up for the edification of Christian-born children. Reports and stories are alike accepted at their face-value; and the little converted Baba or Babu, the dozen of pagan souls recorded as saved or as among those who may be saved if only this or that can be done, become great figures in the foreground of these zealous women's visions, shutting out the countless millions of the unconverted and unconvertable — (to make a word) — behind them.

To these simple and self-satisfied souls all is true that bears the sign of enthusiasm. It is enough for them that the Reverend Simeon Goodwill reports from Hokeypatam that he has led, after many struggles, the obdurate heathen, Chu Slagh, to a knowledge of the truth. It never occurs to them that if the Reverend Mr. Goodwill knew the whole truth and wrote it, he would add to his report something like this:

"Chu Slagh is the man who ferries me from my house to the church. There is an unconverted heathen who runs the opposition ferry. Of course I patronize Chu Slagh, to encourage such a worthy young man."

And yet — something like this might be added to most of the "reports," and would give some hint of a great plain, practical truth that must be learned, sooner or later, by those who spend their dollars in sending missionaries among the heathen, and who take their returns in the shape of annual reports.

To these propagandists "the heathen" are a vague sort of folk, mostly coffee-colored, who may roughly be divided into two classes — first, the iniquitous, sunk in vice, yet mysteriously capable of a perfect redemption and a glorious devotion to the highest ideals of morality — second, the innocent and ignorant, glad to learn and to accept without question the sacred truth, as soon as it is presented to them. Now, there may be some such heathen as these; there probably are, in various odd places of the world. But they are not the one-hundredth of one per cent. of the heathen among whom our missionaries are sent. The heathen our good

friends pay their missionaries to deal with are a very different sort of heathen. They have known the Christian white man for several centuries — ever since the times of the first Dutch and English and Spanish and Portuguese and Italian navigators. They know something of the religion that he brings. They know also something of his rum and his tobacco and his ginseng and his opium; of his slave-buying, of his war-making and of his dealings with women. The young man who comes out of the Union Theological Seminary or Andover, and drops down on the Gold Coast of Africa or in the slums of Bombay is not quite the strange and welcome messenger of good tidings that he thinks himself.

Nor is it his fortune to have to do with a lot of simple-minded, innocent and well-disposed savages. The men to whom he must address himself are subtle, shrewd, deceitful, secretive and distrustful beyond anything easily imagined by the Anglo-Saxon mind. A Caucasian of no ordinary parts may pass his whole life in studying them and still fail to fathom the dark and tortuous depths of their strange souls. And they are not a people without religion, even if they do bow down before idols. They have a religion of their own, which is as their daily life and as the air they breathe. It is a part of themselves. Superstition it may be: it is a superstition of many centuries' growth, inwoven with their whole existence. It speaks to them through uncounted associations in every phase of nature and in every form of art. It moulds the pot that hangs over the peasant's fire and it forms the phrase in which the beggar asks for alms. It is so much an integral, vital part of the poor heathen's life that the good man can not be made to abjure it, and the bad man is willing to pretend to be false to it, knowing that no infidelity he can commit will shake his internal conviction of its truth.

If Christianity and Christian morality are to be taught to the peoples whom we loosely class together as the heathen, they must be taught by the same means that taught those heathen what they now believe. They have learned a religion from their superiors, temporal and moral, among their own people. When those superiors lead them to adopt the religion and morality of Caucasian civilization, they will, slowly and reluctantly, but surely and sincerely, accept the new teaching. They are no more to be Christianized from peasant to priest, from beggar to king, than steps are to be washed from the bottom up. And the little army of well-intentioned and ill-prepared young men from Andover who are exerting their energies upon the mere outside fringe of a body of some hundred millions of heathen are wasting time, strength, and money as foolishly as if they were trying to blow up Mount Washington with fire-crackers.



A LITTLE SLOW.

UNCLE DOGOOD. — Wa-al, I swanny, 'n' that 's one o' them elevated keers I've hearn so much on, sure as guns, Gosh all hemlock! I don't wonder the city folks complain o' lack o' rapid transit ferilities.



HE LIKED BRIDGEPORT.

(Train for New York stops at Hartford. YOUNG LADY enters and takes a seat. Enter also a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.)

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—May I sit here?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, how do you do, Mr.——? Please do. I feel kind of lonesome traveling alone. I have n't seen you at all in Hartford.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I drum now. I'm away four days in the week. How long have you been in Hartford?

YOUNG LADY.—Four weeks. I've had a real nice time. Everybody has been very polite to me.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I saw you had lots of attention at the station. All those men.

YOUNG LADY.—They came down to make sure I was n't left for over Sunday.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—And now you're going home to Bridgeport?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I spent a Summer once in Bridgeport before I knew you. Bridgeport is a mighty nice place. I think I like Bridgeport better than any place I ever was in.

YOUNG LADY.—You're not going back on Hartford? I've always had nice times in Hartford.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, no; but Hartford's *slow*. Bridgeport is a nice lively place. Rather rough and rapid; but a pretty nice place. I like it better than Danbury or Norwalk. Danbury's no sort of place. I've had some of the most elegant times in Bridgeport I ever had in my life. I like a place with no frills. Once I stopped over (in a light blue coat and dark blue trousers,) and met Mrs.—— on the street. "Take me to——'s dinner," she said. "What, in these clothes?" "Yes," she said. "Well, I can stand it, if you can." So I went, and I had one of the most elegant times I ever had in my life. What's become of Mrs.——?

YOUNG LADY.—She's married. She married——. He travels for the hat factory now. Did you know——?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, yes.

YOUNG LADY.—He's traveling for the carpet company now. He's engaged to Miss——. She's an awfully sweet girl. Did you know her?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Oh, yes. I danced with her often. She's an elegant dancer. She's just as sweet as she can be. She and I used to have elegant times together. She's a mighty sweet girl.

YOUNG LADY.—Did you know——?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Yes.

YOUNG LADY.—She's married. She married——. He's traveling for the tack company.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—What's become of——?

YOUNG LADY.—He's gone to Chicago. He's traveling for a dry-goods house out there. I was awfully sorry to have him go. He was one of our best society fellows.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—He was a dandy. I've known him to lead a german at almost every place on his route. He and I have had mighty nice times together. (A pause.) I think I like Bridgeport better than any place I ever was in. Do they have music every night in the Park now?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes; and the best society people go. And almost every night in Summer there are hops over at Black Rock.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—And the bathing at the foot of the Park! That's nice, and society people do that.

YOUNG LADY.—Well, not so much.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I met—— when I was there, and he asked me to come down. He said the nice people would be there. Said I'd meet Miss——.

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, yes. I dare say you'd see her.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I think I'd rather live in Bridgeport than New York.

YOUNG LADY.—Well, I don't know. When I'm in New York I'm pretty well satisfied.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—But I mean for a home, you know. Bridgeport is such a lively place. Manufacturers give it life. Now Hartford has no life. It's a country village. The people are all stuck on insurance.

YOUNG LADY.—Yes; but manufacturing spoils society. It's spoiling our society very fast.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Where were you that Summer I was in Bridgeport?

YOUNG LADY.—At Great Barrington—for eight weeks. I had an elegant time and lots of dancing.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I'm awfully fond of dancing. Once I was in the dancing-room at Black Rock, and they were playing the Beggar Student waltz. I did n't know anybody; but I could n't keep still. I saw a girl tapping her foot. "Are you engaged?" I said. "No." "Neither am I—come on." I had an elegant time that evening.

YOUNG LADY.—I'm awfully fond of dancing, too. Once at Great Barrington we danced till half past five in the morning, and I was n't tired a bit. Great Barrington is an awfully nice place. And Lenox, too. Lenox is just as gay as Newport or Saratoga. All the society people go there in the Fall from Saratoga and Newport.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Saratoga's an elegant place. I was there once for five weeks—and was broke for five years. Music, waltzing, elegant moonlight walk—(inarticulate expression of ecstasy). There was a French girl there, beautiful, dark, expressive eyes, lovely waltzer. We passed each other in the waltz. She looked at me—did n't move a muscle of her face; but her eyes said—just as plain—"I want to dance with you." I was crazy. I did n't know anybody she knew. She did n't know anybody I knew. Mrs.——, wife of the celebrated criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, was on the piazza. She's a beautiful woman, too—thirty-five, gray hair, face as young and rosy as a girl of sixteen. The French girl was in front of her. I said quite loud: "I'm crazy to dance with that young lady." She said: "I'll see if I can't get some one to introduce you." The French girl heard. I saw her smile. Next morning she passed me at breakfast. Drew a card out of her sash and dropped it. No breakfast for me! I picked up the card and rushed out. It said: "Ask Miss—— to introduce you." Oh, Saratoga's a great place! But Bridgeport's about as nice as they make 'em. I've had elegant—

(Train stops at Meriden and YOUNG GENTLEMAN gets out.)

HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

THE FIVE WORKS OF ART.*

REUBEN FLOWER has one; his wife, Hattie, has one; Enoch Flower, Reuben's father, has one; Simeon Haycox, Mrs. Reuben's father, has one, and Aunt Martha has the other. They were made by a man named Coppee, from Utica, who was a very clever fellow.

This Coppee came along early in November, carrying a crayon portrait of a strange lady in a huge gilt frame.

He called at the house of Reuben Flower, when Mrs. Reuben happened to be alone; and while talking with her, his eye fell upon a photograph which stood in a conspicuous place on the centre table.

It represented Reuben in his best clothes, reclining amid cushions of figured plush, with one hand hanging limp over the arm of his chair, and the other stretched over a considerable portion of the waist of Mrs. Reuben, who sat on her husband's knee, resting her elbow on his shoulder,

and looking as contented and happy as he did himself, which is saying a good deal.

This photograph had been taken immediately after their marriage, only a few months before.

"By George!" said Coppee, "that would make a *b-e-a-utiful* crayon! Just take the portraits down to and including the gentleman's left hand, make 'em two-thirds life-size, bring out the figured plush and the velvet curtain good and strong, and merely indicate those palm-leaves in the background; then put it in a frame like this, only larger, and — *What a Christmas present!*"

He spoke this last in a cautious tone, looking about as though fearful that some third person might be listening.

The result of it was an order for a crayon picture, to be made as described for fourteen dollars and fifty cents, payable on delivery, December 18th, at eight o'clock, evening, if the work proved satisfactory.

"But," said Mrs. Flower, "it is a Christmas present for my husband, and I don't want a living soul to know anything about it."

Coppee said *he* would n't say a word; and he did n't.

Fifty rods distant from Reuben's, on the other side of the way, Aunt Martha lived, and Coppee called there next. It happened that Reuben was just coming out of the door; but seeing Coppee, he stopped, as though he had forgotten something, hesitated, opened the door and re-entered the house.

"I guess if you'll empty them hick'ry-nuts into a milk-pail, Aunt Marthy, I *will* take that basket back."

He did n't want the basket; he only wanted to get back into the house to see what the stranger's business was. It is strange how people will take such roundabout ways to gratify their curiosity, when they might do it in a straightforward manner, and not be half so funny.

Coppee asked Aunt Martha if she would n't like to have her picture made, in the style of the lady he carried with him, for ten dollars, including the frame.

Aunt Martha said, "Land, no!"

Coppee happened to glance through the open door into the sitting-room.

"You have a very handsome photograph there," he observed; "may I examine it closely?"

Aunt Martha said he might.

"That," he said, after studying the picture for some time, "would make as handsome a crayon as I ever saw. It would make a *b-e-a-utiful* crayon. I should work the portraits down to and including the gentleman's left hand, bring out the figured plush and the velvet curtain pretty sharp and distinct, and merely indicate the palm-leaves — *What a Christmas present!*" he exclaimed impulsively, under his breath.

"About what would you tax for such a picture?" asked Reuben.

Coppee made a mental calculation.

"I would make it up in the style I have suggested," he said, "guaranteeing perfect satisfaction or no pay, for fourteen dollars and fifty cents." Reuben whistled, and walked out of the house.

Aunt Martha asked Coppee in hurried tones how soon he could get the job done.

Coppee said by the 18th of December.

Aunt Martha told him to put the photograph in his pocket and get right out of the house, quick; for the picture would be a Christmas present to the man who had just left them, and he would suspicion something if they stopped to talk.

"Don't say nothing to *nobody*," were Aunt Martha's parting words.

"I won't say a word," said Coppee; and he did n't.

When Coppee came out, Reuben was standing by the gate, looking up at the sky.

"Fine Fall weather," he remarked.

"Splendid."

"What did she say?" asked Reuben.

"Says she thinks it would make a magnificent picture; but she can't afford to have it done. Come," he added; "why don't *you* give me an order for it, now?"

"Stop over there, did you?" Reuben indicated his own dwelling.

"I did."

"Did n't get an order, I guess."

"You guess right. I don't seem to have any luck with the ladies, to-day."

"Putting up at the hotel?"

"Yep."

"Mebbe I'll see you there, to-night."

The elder Mr. Flower lived on another street, and when Coppee reached his home-stead later in the day, he was so fortunate as to find the old gentleman enjoying an attack of rheumatism just severe enough to keep him before the fire in a big easy chair, where he looked and felt very comfortable and good-natured.

"What do you say to having your picture taken, Mother?" he asked, putting a section of an apple in his mouth and gazing at his wife with twinkling eyes.

"Go 'long!" said Mother.

Coppee was attentively studying a photograph which stood on the mantel piece.

"I should judge from the family resemblance," said he, "that this is your son. What a *b-e-a-utiful* crayon that would make!" he added, holding it out at arms length.

"Those portraits, made to include the young man's left hand, the plush and velvet brought out strong, the palm-leaves just indicated — if



you wanted to make your son a Christmas present what would be more appropriate? I'd do it quite reasonable, too."

Coppee left with a good sound greening apple in one pocket and the photograph in another.

When he came around to the house of Simeon Haycox, he met with similar good fortune. Indeed, the scheme was so pleasing to the old people that he was heartily thanked for suggesting it.

In the evening, Reuben called at the hotel.

"Take any orders in town?" he asked, lighting a cigar which Coppee gave him, and adjusting himself comfortably in a chair by the stove.

"Deacon Blackbud's going to have a picture of himself; and old Mr. What's-his-name, up there by the Congregational church, wants me to copy a photograph of his brother taken after death; and I guess Mrs. Sammis will send me a likeness of her little girl as soon as she gets one taken. That's all I know of, so far," said Coppee without a blink; "but I do hope you'll

let me do that one of yours, Mr. Plower. I'll promise to put in more time on that photograph than on all the others together. It's a *pleasure* to work up such a picture as that."

"When could you have it done?" asked Reuben.

"I could deliver it on the 18th of December."

Reuben took a copy of the photograph from his pocket.

"Make me a good job," said he, "just as you agree, every way, and I'll get it here at the hotel on the evening of December 18th. Don't leave it at the house. I want to surprise my wife with it, Christmas."

When Reuben had gone, Coppee sat for a long time with a calm smile on his face and an absent look in his eyes. He was thinking how pretty Reuben's little home would be after Christmas with one of the big crayons in nearly every room.

A few days later, Reuben's wife asked him if he had been giving away one of the photographs out of the bureau drawer.

He said: "No."

She said there was one short; and she added that Aunt Martha wanted an extra copy to send to her brother-in-law's people down in Canajoharie.

Reuben scratched his head.

"It's darned funny," said he.

"What is it?" asked Hattie.

"Father wants one, too, to send to Uncle Luther in Sodus; and *your* father told me on Sunday that if we could spare another one of 'em he'd kind o' like to send it to his sister's folks at Sandy Crick. It's funny that they've just found out now about the people scattered all over the State hankerin' for our pictures."

On the evening of December 18th, Coppee drove up to Reuben's door at the hour agreed

upon; and seeing nobody present but Mrs. Reuben, he hustled in with the picture, and soon had it divested of its coverings and sat it up against the wall.

"There!" said Coppee, standing back with his arms folded. "How do you like that? You see I've put the palm-leaves in very strong, instead of merely indicating them, as I proposed at first. It took more time, of course; but they are very effective, indeed. Don't you think your husband will be pleased with his Christmas present?" he asked with a pleasant smile.

"Reub!" called Mrs. Plower; "come and see how strong he's made these palm-leaves."

Reuben walked in from the other room. So did his father and mother. So did Simeon Haycox and Wife, and Aunt Martha came in, too. They sat down in chairs and gazed silently at the picture.

"Bring in the rest of 'em, Bubby," said the elder Mr. Plower, turning toward the petrified form of Mr. Coppee. "We want to kind o' make a grove o' them palms and see how they look."

Coppee swallowed something that had come up in his throat, and with a white face and set lips went out after the other four pictures. When they had been placed in line with the first one, and duly inspected, Reuben turned to Coppee and spoke for the party.

"The agreement was," said he, "that we wa'n't to pay for 'em unless they was made accordin' to order. Now you know yourself that those palm-leaves was to be made very faint—*indicated*, you call it—but look at 'em! They stand out so fur that they'll wave back and forth every time they get in a draft o' wind. *However*," he continued, "that is really a small matter, and we won't make it an excuse to throw the pictures back on your hands." (Coppee was getting more at ease now.) "Of course they ain't what we wanted, nor what we expected; but if you'll throw off a little discount on account of the leaves, we'll take 'em and say nothing. We've decided to offer you two dollars and ninety cents a piece; that's fourteen dollars and fifty cents for the lot, and there's your money."

Reuben laid the amount mentioned on the table.

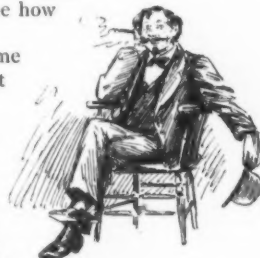
Coppee was red now. "I won't touch it!" he cried. "What do you take me for? You ordered the pictures, every one of 'em. I'll—But, gentlemen, I don't want any trouble about this—I don't, really; and rather than have any, I *will* make *some* deduction. Give me fifty dollars and —"

"Reub," said the elder Mr. Plower, "I feel kind o' apple-hungry. If you've got any apples down cellar fetch up some, won't you?"

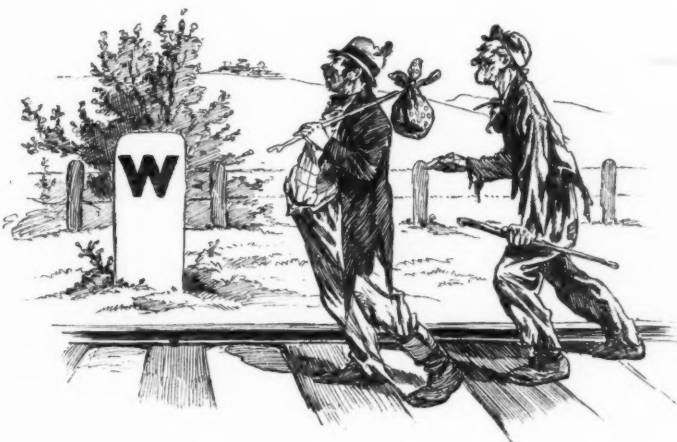
"Wh', yes," said Reuben, going out into the kitchen for a lamp.

"Enoch," said Simeon Haycox; "where can I get some good cedar posts?"

This general conversation did not seem to interest Coppee. He made a mental calculation of the value of the five pictures and frames in the open market, then took the money off the table, buttoned up his overcoat, and, all unheeded, passed out into the cold.



FORCED GAIETY.



O'HARA. — W'ot's the W for, Billy?
BILLY. — W'istle.



O'HARA. — Dom'd av I feel much like w'istlin'; but I s'pose we have a roight to comply wid th' regulations av th' road.

MY APOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK:

I have written, a number of times, contributions for you, Mr. Editor, sending quite an installment of rhymes, though I still remain nothing your creditor. In the poems a spirit I caught which I fancied would render them salable, and was grieved when the answer I got was the statement they were not available. Their rejection I branded poor taste, as I thought them concise and grammatical, and deemed them both pleasing and chaste, and free from mere turns acrobatical. When the third one came homeward again with the stamp which had made it returnable, I said to myself there and then nothing more at your hands should be spurnable. I said you might go to the dogs—that your judgement was plainly irrational; that you ought to be out rolling logs, instead of in work educational. But now I desire to retract, having learned that my views were erratical, and burned the effusions, in fact, which I fancied were fairly ecstasical. My vanity always it damps to remember I ever constructed them, and bothered you sticking the stamps which back to me promptly conducted them. With things thus adjusted at last, as a matter of friendly necrology, I ask you to bury the past and kindly accept—"My Apology."

F. F. Murray.



THE PRIDE OF CONQUEST.

MR. HOPPIN.—Great Scott, Aurora! Have you been run over? Your dress is all in tatters—

MRS. HOPPIN.—Does n't matter dear—I was only down to Stacy's "bargain sale" to-day. Just wait till you see what I got—the loveliest edging! Would n't have missed it for the world!

A SAINTLY MAID.

KITTY WINSLOW.—Ah, that's over! I have promised to be a sister to Frank Beckwith, and he says he is going to take the next steamer for Europe.

AUNT MARY.—Is n't that the fifth "roman d'un jeune homme pauvre" that you have participated in?

KITTY WINSLOW.—The sixth, I think. Oh, dear! I am beginning to feel like a regular "Little Sister of the Poor."

SO IT WAS.

"Mr. Enpeque has run away from his wife."

"That was a shrewd move."

AWFULLY GAY.

"That is a gay rhyme."

"Which?"

"Paris, Ky., and whiskey."

HEROIC TREATMENT NECESSARY.

MEIGS (*reading*).—Rochester, Ind., has a five-year-old boy who, returning from church, can repeat every word of the sermon.

GRAYTOR.—Well, do they intend to keep him at home, or merely to kill him?

EASY TRAVELING.

"He travels on his shape."

"Does he, indeed? Well, he's so fat, one revolution will take him a good way."



ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

MRS. MCPHEE.—Is thim wather poipes yure puttin' in?
O'TOOLE.—They're not. They're poipes fur the Broadway cable street-cyar.

MRS. MCPHEE.—The Lord save us! An' are they goin' to pull the payple t'roo a little hole loike that?

SURE POP!

MISS BOBOLINK.—Do you think a whistling girl is sure to come to some bad end?

MR. GUM.—If she whistles "Comrades," she is.

BANNED.

DICK HEARTY.—Will you marry me?

BELLA BLUERIBBON.—Do you drink?

DICK HEARTY.—Yes; and eat, too. I see there's no hope for me. Good-by.

CATTY.

MISS JOYCE.—Yes, Jack and I are to become partners for life.

MISS MEANS.—And you will be the senior partner. How nice!

FRANK.

JACK STARVELY (*to Scotch pawnbroker*).—You seem to be fond of whistling, "Comin' through the Rye."

MR. PARRITCH.—Yes; that's the way most of my money comes!

SHAKSPERE RESTORED.

OTHELLO.—You need n't tell me that Desdemona flirted with that dude. I believe she's good.

IAGO.—Yes; too good to be true.

HER IDEAL.

KATE.—Harry is an ideal lover.

KITTY.—He is poetical, is he?

KATE.—No; he is rich.

A FRANK REPLY.

TEACHER.—Did you find any hard problems?

BAD BOY WINKS.—I did n't look for any.

ALL IN A NUT-SHELL.

"You refuse me?" he gasped.

"I do," replied Araminta.

"It is because I am poor and unknown. You do not understand me."

"That is just it, George. You are too obscure."

O U!

"I hear D'Auber is having trouble with his model."
"Yes; she's his muddle, now."

WARRANTED REVERSIBLE.

DE WOLFE.—These weather predictions are not worth a copper.

CLIFFORD.—Oh, yes, they are; I "copper" them every time.



THE WOMAN who says she "has waited an age" is very careful not to add it to her own.

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY.—After time has turned it into antiquity, people may go crazy over the ugliest article we can make to-day.

PROOF-READERS can tell us that first impressions are likely to be full of error.

THE MAN who "would n't do a thing for the world" is frequently found doing it for himself.

NERVOUS FORCE is an awfully queer thing. The man whose nerves would not quail at the ramping of a lion is all broken up at the nervousness of a woman who has no nerves at all.

ABRIDGED EDITIONS are a good deal like abridged trousers. They are shorter, but the style and grace are all gone out of them.

THE MAN who has forgotten his grandfather's first name may look with contempt upon the pride of long descent; but it is hard to say just how his great-grandfather looks down upon him.



NOT BY A JUG FULL.

THE MAN of one idea may be a bore, while the man with none is that delightful acquaintance who allows you to do all the talking yourself.

IT IS A mean man who will get up a joke on the medical profession when he owes his doctor a bill. We should be grateful to those who spare our lives.

EVE is the only woman who never turned round "to see what the other woman had on."

PATIENCE AND HOPE may be virtues, but the man who sees his "margin" gradually wiped out is likely to look upon them as follies.

THE EARLY Christians were poor; and from the crowds of servants who attend 7 A. M. service we are reminded that they still are.

THE "WORDS THAT BURN" go into the waste-paper basket first.

WE MAY give a man credit for his good intentions, but he can't get cash for them unless they are backed by deeds.

IT is a remarkable thing that the heaviest drinking on earth is done in the temperate zone.

G. E. Hanson.

THE PERVERSITY OF FASHION.

The pancake hat may be all right for Summer.

But —

It's ten chances out of nine that the high bonnet will be resumed when the ladies go to the theatre in the Fall.

A HINT TO PHILANTHROPISTS.

A sympathetic Man, observing that his Apples sometimes Froze in the Winter, out of pure Kindness of Heart emptied several bottles of Hair Renewer over them, in the Hope that they might grow fine Coats of Fur to keep themselves Warm in the Cold Weather.

However, he found that the Apples remained as Bald as Before; and, Moreover, were Unfit for Eating.

Charity injudiciously Applied leaves its Object worse off than Before.

ALMOST GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

STRANGER.—Can you tell me how to get to the farm of Mr. Seeds, who raises watermelons?

YOUTHFUL NATIVE.—Yes, sir-ee! You jes' go up the creek bed back of the house, and take the path up through the thicket, and crawl through a hole in the—er—er—come to think, don't much b'lieve I know where he *does* live, Mister.

WHEN AN ill-tempered man finds his dinner late, the household soon realizes what is meant by "the sauce of appetite."



TAKING DUE PRECAUTION.

MR. WADLEIGH.—Ah, Doctor! Don't you find this surf-bathing very exhilarating?

DR. LASTLEIGH.—Yes, oh, yes! But I fancy I should find it more so, if Mrs. Lastleigh, in view of the chilliness of the atmosphere, had not tied this shawl about my neck, just previous to my entering the water.

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

"So you think me witty, Mr. Ninne? I am surprised!"

"Why should you be?"

"Because I usually make my most telling remarks after you have gone."

THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

When a small boy, it was his thought
A Crusoe he should be,
Or in some hurricane be caught
Far out upon the sea.

But years have passed — he's wiser now,
And when upon the river
The ferry-boat runs 'gainst a scow,
It sets him all a-shiver!



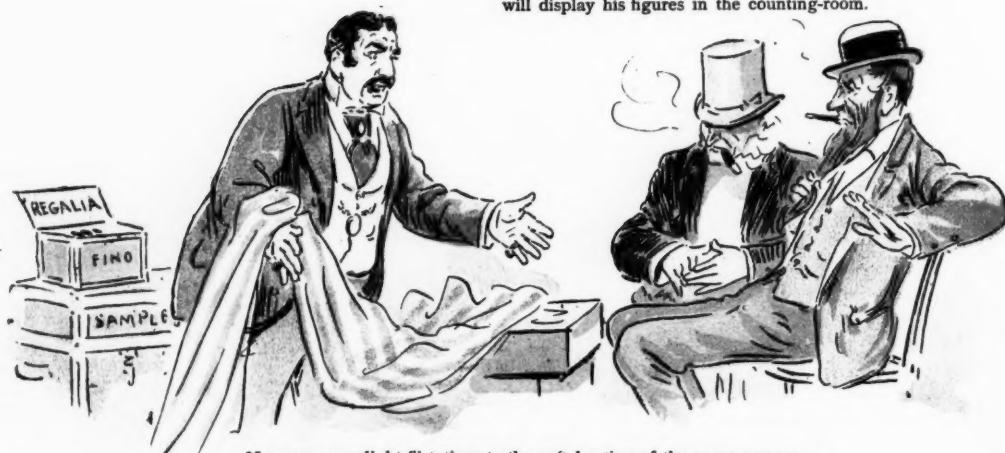
THEY LOOKED IT.

EASELLE.—Now, my dear Weaselle, give me your candid opinion of my "Wood Nymphs."

WEASELLE.—Capital, old Boy! One would think they were actually *made* of wood.



He displayed his figure in the ball-room—now he will display his figures in the counting-room.



No more moonlight flirtations to the soft beating of the ocean surges—he will now do some hard drumming himself.



After cutting a swell at the Summer resorts, he settles down to cutting hair once more.



Floor-walking takes the place of strolling on the wide hotel verandah.



And the Summer Girl, who has been to catch resorts, catches Hail Columbia when she comes home.

BACK TO THE HARD REAL
THE RETURN OF THE SUMMER HUSBAND-HUNTER AND THE

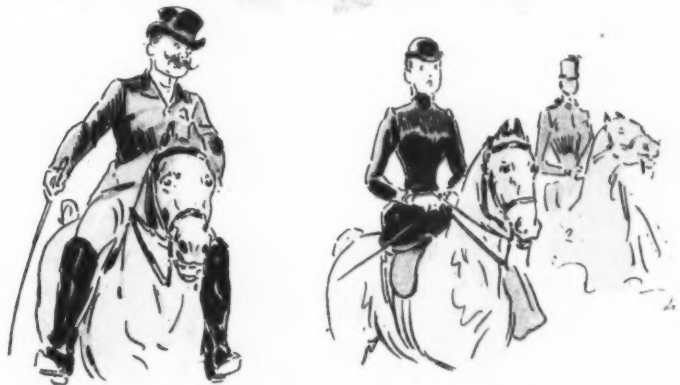


who has to catch a husband at the
Columbia when he comes home.

ARD REALITIES OF LIFE.
O-HUNT AND THE MAKE-BELIEVE SUMMER SWELLS.



He moved gracefully about at the hotel hop, with a dancing order in his button-hole
— now he has to hop around lively, with a bill of fare in his hand.



After walking and dancing with the ladies at the seaside,
he now rides with them in the city — at \$15 per week.



He leaves the fashionable lake and goes back
to the popular fountain.



He showed his style at the watering-places —
now he shows his styles in town.



TOMMY WOULD N'T MAKE ROOM FOR HIS UNCLE.

MR. THOMAS SPARKLER (*hotel clerk*).—Go away! You can't put up at this house.

MR. MOSES MOSENHEIM (*pawnbroker*).—That was strange. You had often put up at my house.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY.

"THIS RUSSELL B. lords it, but hardly with grace,
For he's not a bit lordly in figure or face.
The Collector he laughs at—does young Russell
B.—
And he plays with the Chief of the Treasury.
Now, *who* is he, *what* is he, tell me, I pray,
Who fills so much space in the papers to-day?"

"He edits an organ somewhere out West
That does not always show his Pa's son at his best;
And his Pa holds the seat in which Washington sat,
And thinks that his head fills his grandfather's hat.
(For, you see, his granddad was a President, too,—
Best known as the Hero of Tippecanoe.)"

"Ah!

But what are his qualifications?"

"None.

He's only Ben Harrison's only son."

"And who is Ben Harrison?"

"Oh! Why, he—
He's the grandfather of Baby McKee."

R. W. M.

A FLESH WOUND.

MISS ROSE.—What an idiot Jack Trellis is!

MISS THORNE.—What has he been doing? Making love to you?

TOO THIN.

BOBBY (*reading a sea-story*).—Papa, what is meant by "blue water?"

PAPA.—Well, judging from the color of our milk, I guess it's the kind they give to cows!

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

BACKTACKLE.—I wonder, Jonadab, where that Smallwood was educated? He seems to have learned everything by rote.

JONADAB.—Educated, most likely, in a preparatory school, as it were.

DISCOURAGING.

"What shall I write about now, sir?" asked the new sub-editor, after handing his first article to his chief.

"I think," replied the latter, after reading it, "you had better right about face."

QUITE THE REVERSE.

"Back!" cried Canute.

"Back yourself!" cried the Wave. "I'm not that kind of a serf."

VERY MUCH ALIKE.

TOMMY.—Pa, Mr. Bixby said to-day that I was very much like you.

PA.—I'm glad to hear it, my son. How did he come to say it?

"I asked him for a quarter."

A CAREFUL BUYER.

MR. LOCKS.—Yes, sir; I will guarantee that my safes are fire-proof and burglar-proof.

BANK PRESIDENT.—Good! but are they cashier-proof?

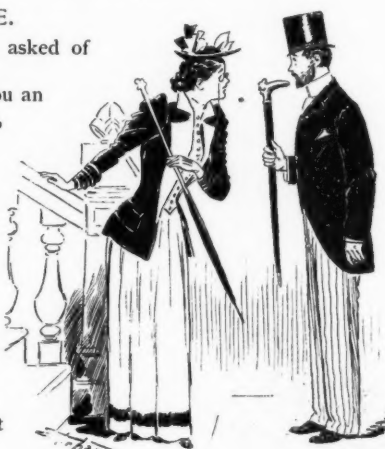
SETTING THE DATE.

"May I call upon you?" he asked of the Boston Maiden.

"Yes," she replied. "Are you an admirer of Ibsen, Browning, Keats, Will Carleton or Dobson?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Gilbert is my favorite poet."

"Then come Friday night. That's my silly evening."



"JUST IMAGINE that you're at the bat," said the astute instructor to the base-ball crank who was taking lessons in drawing from nature. "Keep your eye on the model, and try to get on to his curves!"

THE THERMOMETER, after having been for months a centre of interest, is now preparing for the day when it will be left out in the cold.

MISS DORCAS.—Have the poor any pleasures, think you?

MISS ANN THRUPE.—Oh, yes! They criticise the characters of the rich.



A MARVELOUS SCIENCE.

WIDOW O'HARA.—Oi wint to see a fortune-teller yisterday, an' she tould me Oi'd have an offer from a foine handsome man wid beautiful curly hair an' phwish-kers, widin a month.

CORRIGAN.—Sure, 'tis wondrous phwat thim fortune-tellers knows!

GETTING EVEN WITH ONE OF THEM.



MR. LYNCHPIN (on the arrival of Mr. SOLTARE, the clerk of the Transcendental Hotel, New York, to spend his two weeks' vacation).—Now, by gosh! it's my time to see somebody pestered to death with signs. Front-t-t! Show this gentleman up to 5 D.



JIMMY LYNCHPIN, alias FRONT.—If you want anything more, sir, ring that bell.

THE LOST LINES.

Last night I wrote a poem on the sand,
A masterpiece it was, beyond a doubt;
And then the paltry ocean swept the strand
And straightway rubbed my dainty verses out.
And I—oh, sad to say!—
Can't call to mind to-day
Just what that derved old poem was about.

ALBANY TELEPHONE GIRLS.

COURSE it is not generally known—how could it be? but it is the fact, nevertheless, that Albany has the sweetest-voiced and most patient telephone girls in the world. Their voice is gentle and low, an excellent thing in telephone girls; but not too low. Some voices there are of telephone girls that stab one's tympanum like a hat pin, some stab like a butcher knife, while others imitate the saw-filer.

Some, like the Chicago girl, pounce upon one with a suddenness that takes the breath away, while the Baltimore girl waits until she gets her hair fixed before she answers. Like none of these is the Albany telephone girl. Her responses come readily and gently, to the just and the unjust, like the dew from heaven, and with mellifluous cadences suggestive of silver bells and caramels. She never loses her patience so long as you talk business; but she quickly recognizes the voice of the masher, and remorselessly cuts him off, to repent in "tumultuous silence" upon the outer side of Paradise, where over the wall is out. This beatific state of things is owing to the circumstance that a scion of one of Albany's most wealthy and aristocratic families recently fell in love with a telephone girl, through her voice, and married her; and they lived happily ever afterward.

Bram.

NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

MR. COLDÉ (to SERVANT).—I called here yesterday, and you told me that your mistress could n't see me until her pet dog was well. How is he getting on?

SERVANT.—Miss Pugge told me to tell you if you called again, sir, that the poor, dear, little fellow has the slow consumption.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.

BIGGS.—Were you ever in McCorker's store? He has the greatest accumulation of old stock I ever saw. There's stuff there that he's had ever since he's been in business.

BOGGS.—Poor judgement; that thing'll wind him up, eventually.

BIGGS.—No, it won't, Boggs; he's in the wine trade.

"I AM MIGHTIER than the Sword!" boasted the Pen.

"But you are n't a marker to me!" replied the Blue Pencil.

LACK OF EARLY ADVANTAGES.

"Is he really an Arizona man? Why, his speech is n't a bit picturesque!"

"Well, you see he has n't had a chance to study Western dialect in the humorous papers."

MERE SUPERSTITION.

MRS. AYLING.—You said it would work like a charm, and it has n't done me any good at all.

DRUGGIST.—Well—charms are n't supposed to work nowadays.

SHE'D HAD THEM.

MISS BACON.—Do you believe in dreams?

MISS McBEAN.—Certainly—but not that they have any significance!

SHE HELPS.

AUNT JO.—And do you help your mother when she is cooking?

BESSIE.—Yes'm; I keep out of her way.

A LUCKY MAN.

"I never have any luck," groaned Chipsley.

"You are fortunate. I have plenty, and it's all bad."

ALWAYS KIND.

"These reports the papers are publishing about me are awful! What would you advise me to do?"

"Die. The obituaries will set you straight."

BETTER BORROW from a pawnbroker than a friend. A lost pledge may be bought again, but good will, never.

CHEESE IT—The Sneeze.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE—The Glass Variety.

THE WIND BLEW THROUGH HIS RIBS.

"Bah!" said Foggy, as he put up his gamp: "what beastly weather!"
"I have seen better days, myself," remarked the Umbrella.



THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

HOLD YOUR TROUSERS

up with the
CENTURY~BRACE

THE BEST SUSPENDER
because it is **ALWAYS ELASTIC.**
If your furnisher does not keep it, send for circular.
CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., ROXBURY STATION, MASS.

SASSERNO, PICCON & MAUNIER
in Bari (Italy) manufacture the only pure and reliable

OLIVE OIL (S. P. & M.)
never rancid because pure and peculiarly pressed and cleaned.
Wholesale by **Geo. Lueders, 313 Pearl St., N. Y.**

**HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

Nos. 15 & 17 BRECKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

Economize Space! Save Money!

You can have a bed in any room or office and no one know it.
THE GUNN FOLDING BED CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
13 styles combining every class of furniture. Catalogue free. A
Revolution in Furniture. 270

What are Squeezers?

The New York
**Consolidated
Card
Company's
Playing Cards.**



222, 224, 226 and 228 West 14th St., N. Y.
The oldest manufacturers of Playing Cards in America.
All grades and qualities. Ask your dealer for them.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



**W. BAKER & Co.'s
Breakfast
Cocoa**

from which the excess of
oil has been removed,

**Is Absolutely Pure
and it is Soluble.**

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has
more than three times the strength of
Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot
or Sugar, and is therefore far more
economical, costing less than one cent
a cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and
admirably adapted for invalids as well
as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS. 109

PUCK'S LIBRARY "BUNCO" 10 Cents.
No. 38. All Newsdealers.

"Ah! could they catch his strength,
his easy grace, his quick creation, his
unerring line!" — GRAY.

Ah, could they? But they can't—
his imitators can't, for there is only
one Puck.

FATHERS AND SONS.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Father, I wish to say to you
that I am engaged to Miss Cashly; and I hope
you will give your consent.

OLD GIBBON.—Miss Cashly? H'm—haw!
Well, it's all right, my boy; I hope you'll be
happy. Only—if her mother had accepted me
instead of that confounded Teddy Cashly, I'd
never have been able to give you this pleasure,
me boy!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in one of her poems, asks:
"Oh, what shall make me laugh again?" Buy PICK-
INGS FROM PUCK, Ella, without delay. 25 cents. Of
all Newsdealers.

OUTRAGED DIGNITY.

SQUIRE TIMOTHY (*flourishing newspaper in
New York hotel*).—See 'ere, landlord, I think
this is a low-down swindle! Yer have n't put
my name in ther paper as an arrival!

CLERK.—Why should I?

SQUIRE TIMOTHY.—Jehoshaphat! When I go
to the Squeedunk Hotel an' pay 'em seventy-five
cents, I'm mentioned as a "leading citizen;" an'
here I've paid you fellers three dollars for nothin'!

A LEGAL DEFENSE.

CULPRIT.—Oi hov an explnation to make,
Yure Anner. The lah does n't require impos-
sibilities av any wan.

JUSTICE.—Well?

CULPRIT.—Sure, the officer towld me to
"Move on!" and thin locked me up; so Oi
could n't do anything av the kind!



**UNEXCELLED
HATS.**

FALL STYLES.

177 (B'way bet. Cortlandt
and Dey Sts. N.Y.
1147 bet. 26 & 27 Sts.

BEARING THIS TRADE-MARK. 124 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

JUSTICE.—How did you come to pick this
woman's pocket?

THIEF.—I did it on the advice of my phy-
sician.

JUSTICE.—What do you mean?

THIEF.—He said if I wanted to live, I must
have change.

MEDICAL.

MR. HIPPO.—Doctor, I ain't just feelin' right,
an' I thought I'd come round an' see you.

DOCTOR (*after writing prescription*).—It's
nothing of any consequence, I can assure you;
but if after taking this you feel worse, send round
for me to-morrow.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

\$1000 FOR AN INSECT THAT
the **MAGIC MOSQUITO**
BITE CURE AND INSECT
EXTERMINATOR will not kill. Try it for **SOFA**
BEDS, Roaches, &c. and for driving away mosquitoes.
Non-poisonous. Sold everywhere.
SALLADE & CO., 53 W. 24th St., New York, M'rs. 264

"SHORT SIXES," By
H. C. BUNNER.
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Boards, \$1.00.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.
One pound equals 45 pounds of prime lean Beef.
Send for our book of receipts showing use of
ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

**KIRK'S
SHANDON
BELLS
TOILET SOAP**

No Other Leaves a Delicate and Lasting
Odor After Using.

If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in
stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL.—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society
Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of
Shandon Bells Soap.

Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.

**EAU DE
COLOGNE**
AND TRANSPARENT
GLYCERINE SOAPS.
THE FINEST TOILET GOODS IMPORTED 252*

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. 5*

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye
the most delicate
shade or fabric. No ripping required.
Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both
ways to any point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Clean-
ing Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. 65* Mention PUCK. 134



**OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.**
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., SPECIAL AGENTS.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

We Make the Cigar. You Make the Smoke.
The Best Cigar. 5c. each.
TIGER CUBANA 50c. per bundle.
Ask your dealer for them.
L. MILLER & SONS, 140 Chambers St., New York.
RUMSTRAIT, GAIL & CO., Chicago, Illinois. 902

PUCK'S LIBRARY **DUMB CRITTERS.** 10 Cents.
No. 40. All News-
dealers

"PUNCH" WILL PLEASE NOT COPY.
 "Oh, yes! He's the last scion, I may say, of a decayed family."
 "I thought so. Everything he said was rot, you know."

CERTAINLY.

IRVING BARRETT.—Don't you consider acting one of the great walks of life?

JACK MALLET.—Certainly I do. By the way, how far is it from Minneapolis?

**Sunburn,
 CHAFING,
 Dandruff,
 Prickly Heat,
 Speedily Relieved by**

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"A Luxury for Shampooing."

Medical Standard, Chicago.

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."

Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

"The Best for Baby's Bath."

Christine Terhune Herrick.

THE CELEBRATED SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

Accuracy,
 Durability,
 Safety, and
 Convenience
 in Loading.



Beware of cheap imitations.
 Send for Illustrated Catalogue & Price List.
 Guaranteed Perfect.

SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

WHEN THE North Wind blows, it's a very cold day,
 And it blows Farmer Champlain down this way.
 He's been here before, and he thinks he knows it all,
 So he goes for a racket to an East-side ball.
 He tries to get a mash on the belle of all the friskers,
 But the chill and bitter blast whistles shrilly through his whiskers.

When the East Wind blows, why then we look for rain,
 And expect Uncle Capecod to visit us again.
 He thinks he is as sharp as the breeze that blows him thence,
 As he buttons up his pockets on his hard-earned cents.
 But when the genial stranger that he meets has disappeared
 That East Wind keenly penetrates his thin chin-beard.

The man with a long face is to be pitied for carrying such a countenance, especially when it is so generally known that

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will cure his Bilious and Nervous Disorders, arising as they do from a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, or a Torpid Liver. They act like magic on all the vital organs, and one dose will oftentimes relieve Sick Headache in twenty minutes. Prepared only by Thos. Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Of druggists, or mailed by B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal Street, New York, on receipt of price, 25 cts.

Save Money. BICYCLE

Before you buy a

Send for prices to
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, O.

New Bicycles at reduced prices, and 400 second-hand ones. Difficult Repairs. Bicycles, Guns and Type Writers taken in exchange.

Boys' or Girls' 24-in. Safety, with rubber tires, \$15.00.
 Boys' 26-in. Safety, with rubber tires, 17.50.
 Gents' 28-in. Safety, balls to b's and pedals, 35.00.



Fill out this Blank and mail it to us with 20 cent postal order and we will forward you our very interesting Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue, fully illustrated in the correct colors and containing over 1,000 descriptions of the latest Paris styles, enabling you to procure a superior garment at a lower price than you can find elsewhere. Write plainly with ink.

Name _____
 Street _____ Town _____
 State _____ County _____

RUINED FOREVER.

It was a mighty mean thing Hicks did. When he was arrested the other night for kicking over an ash-barrel he gave my name to the Judge as his."

"What is your name?" asked the stranger.

"John Smith."

THE TEMPERED WIND.

"Being banished to Siberia is not wholly an evil to the poor Russians."

"Indeed?"

"The ukase that banishes them to Siberia relieves them of their names. They are always afterwards known by a number."

JUST OUT!

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 51.

"WHISKERS."

Being Puck's Best Things
 About
 Our Country Cousins.

10 Cts. 10 Cts.
 Of All Newsdealers.

Then the wind veers around and comes hurtling from the West,
 And our old friend Mr. Hoosier in a low-cut vest
 Comes here to see the sights, and he wanders out o' nights,
 And at the merry green-goods bait with eager greed he bites.
 But when he's crossed the ferry and he starts to count his cash,
 Something very like a cyclone percolates his dyed moustache.

Soon a change comes in the weather, and the South Wind
 gently blows

Cunnle Kaintuck up teh Noo Yawk, with a blossom on his nose.
 Tho' you load him up with whiskey, you can never get him full,
 But he's got a big six-shooter that he's very apt to pull.
 And when in the police-court he pays his fine, hear me,
 The Southland Zephyrs murmur through his long goatee.

SKIN RENEWS ITSELF, BUT LEATHER DOES N'T.

TOM BIGBEE.—Ha, old man, why are you wearing that slipper? Have you injured your foot?

UPSON DOWNES.—Worse, Tom. I've injured my shoe, and pay-day's a week off!

NOT DESIRABLE.

"Are you one of Van Isching Coyne's preferred creditors?"

"Yes. He seems to prefer having me for a creditor. I wish he'd come off."

Saranac Inn Station in 13½ hours via New York Central.
 Through sleepers. See time table.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Messrs. Park & Tilford: Acker, Merrill & Condit, and first-class grocers keep Lemarchand Boneless Sardines.

Liebig Company's

FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.
 Get genuine only

with this *Justus von Liebig* signature

of Justus von Liebig in blue.
 Keeps for any length of time anywhere.
 MAKES THE BEST BEEF TEA.

Extract of Beef.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
 212 State St., Chicago.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A Sure Relief for Price, 35 cents by mail. STOWELL & CO., CHARLESTOWN MASS. 18

BASE-BAWL—Corner-stone Spouting.

Our New Fall Stock leads all former efforts both in QUANTITY and QUALITY.

The latest fad in Woollens are the Unsheared Worsteds. We have them in Blacks and Blues; also large variety of Scotch Cheviots and English Tweeds just received. Made to your measure in the Fashionable Double-breasted Sack style.

Suits from \$20.00.
 Trousers from \$5.00.

Nicoll
 The Tailor

145 & 147 Bowery,
 and
 771 Broadway, New York City.
 Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.





EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, WHETHER torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

62 Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. 68

62 Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

STEAM CARPET CLEANING.

Profitable Business can be established easily by putting in a Carpet Cleaning Machine. Works fitted up complete with latest improved machinery. Send for Circular.

Standard Machine Co., New York City. P. O. Box 490.

"HYPNOTIC TALES," By J. L. FORD.

In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

A LIVELY ANIMAL.

"Was that a moose that we saw rushing over the hill?"

"I don't know. It lit out like a vamoose."

PROTECTING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

OLD GRUBBINS.—Eh—how 's this? I see the brand 'Worcestershire' blown into this bottle. Surely you can't afford to sell imported English sauce at ten cents!

GROCER.—Oh, the bottle 's English, to be sure, but the sauce is good native goods, I warrant you. You have no idea, sir, how the ash-barrel picker helps to protect American industries.

FORCED TO IT.

REPORTER.—You know Miss Bilter, who writes poetry for the newspapers? I tried to interview her the other day, but she would n't let me. She said, I could get a better idea of her from her work.

EDITOR.—What did you do about it?

REPORTER.—What could I do? I had to read her poetry.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

"What an odd paper-weight you have!"

"Yes. It's my wife's first biscuit."

MONEY V/S. TIME.

NED WHISTLER.—I say, Tom, can't you give me ten dollars until the end of the month?

TOM ROCKS.—H'm! This is the twenty-first. Can't you stand the ten days, instead?

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

NATURAL DISLIKE.

"I don't like Dr. Allopath."

"Why?"

"He ordered my rich aunt a change of heir."



Look Out for frauds.

Honest competition is all right, but to introduce an inferior article on some one else's reputation is piracy.

A few cheap grocers are offering an inferior article under the name of French Soups. Be sure to ask for the

FRANCO AMERICAN FOOD CO'S

DON'T BE HUMBUGGED



Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—take no other.

VANITY.

"He was a proud beggar."

"How did he show it?"

"I gave him a quarter to buy bread, and he went and had his hair cut with it."

LINGUISTIC.

KNEIFEITER (*savagely*).—Waiter, asked you for sauerkraut and Frankfurters, and you've brought me corned beef and cabbage!

WAITER.—Yis, sor; Oi've thranslated your ordher into English. We don't ate in German at this house!

Fast trains to the Adirondacks via New York Central. Wagner sleeping cars to Paul Smith's Station and Tupper Lake. See time table.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of the skin and scalp, eczema, moles, warts, superfluous hair, birthmarks, moth, freckles, pimples, wrinkles, red nose, red veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barbers' itch, scars, pits, powder marks, facial development, etc. Consultation Free, at office or by letter. 128-page Book on all Skin and Scalp Affections and their Treatment sent (sealed) for 10c.

JOHN H. WOODBURY.

Dermatological Institute, 135 W. 43d St., N. Y. City.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For the Skin and Scalp.

Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Highly endorsed by the medical profession; unequaled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, discolorations, perspiration odors, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin and scalp. At Druggists or by mail, price 50 cts.

NEW KODAKS

"You press the button, we do the rest."



Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue.

PUCK'S LIBRARY **THE NATIONAL GAME.** 10 Cents. All Newsdealers.

How has it come to pass

that all the world insists on having PEARS' SOAP?

It is soap and nothing but soap. Pure Soap.

Pears' Soap.

Beware of substitutes and poor imitations. Be sure you get the genuine PEARS' SOAP.



RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.

BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND. HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E. L. ZELL, Agent, 92 Pearl Street, New York.

PUCK'S LIBRARY **HAYSEED HITS.** 10 Cents. All Newsdealers.



25 cents will be paid for No. 418 of ENGLISH PUCK, if delivered at this office in good condition. In mailing, please roll lengthwise.

Address,

"PUCK,"

PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Write **LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER AND BROKER,** 50 Broadway, N. Y., to send his circular.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA



MR. MICAWBER.

"Best & Goes Farthest."
 "Something has
 Turned up! The
 Golden opportunity
 Has arrived. The
 Tide of fortune is
 At the flood. The in-
 Short, Wilkins Mi-
 cawber is the sole
 Agent for VAN
 HOUTEN'S COCOA
 In the southern
 Hemisphere."

PERFECTLY PURE.

The Standard Cocoa of the World.
 A Delicious Beverage.
 Stimulating and Invigorating.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS
 utilizes in the highest possible degree all the
 flesh forming elements, while highly develop-
 ing the flavor and aroma.
 Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Cans. If
 not obtainable enclose 25 cts. to either VAN
 HOUTEN & ZON, 106 Reade Street, New York,
 or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, con-
 taining enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed.
 Mention this publication. Prepared only by
 VAN HOUTEN & ZON, Weesp, Holland. A.

ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE

278

THE DELICIOUS

Fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beau-
 ty imparted to the skin by Pizzoni's Powder
 commend it to all ladies.

"PICKINGS FROM PUCK,"

6th Crop.

25 Cents.

All Newsdealers.

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

Cures Rupture because it has perfect Adjust-
 ment, is worn NIGHT and DAY. Has a
 pad which can be changed in
 SHAPE and SIZE
 by the patient to suit the varying condi-
 tions of the case. Call and examine.
 Please mention this paper.



(PATENT ALLOWED)

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

Is guaranteed to hold with comfort the
 worst case of rupture under all circumstances.

Examination FREE.

Send for full illustrated catalogue to
 G. V. HOUSE MFG CO.,
 744 Broadway, New York City. 280*

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"I've got ten thousand dollars; I want to
 build a house."
 "You can't do it."
 "Why not?"
 "It takes twenty thousand dollars to build a
 house for ten thousand dollars."

TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

BLEECKER.—What do you suppose became of
 the lost tribes of Israel?

BAXTER.—Give it up. Never knew any were
 lost — never missed any!

THE MAN who is so busy that he has no time to laugh
 needs a vacation.—*Chicago Ledger.* Not necessarily so.
 Let him buy a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK. For sale
 at all booksellers' and newsdealers; twenty-five cents.

HOT IN THE NECK.

MANAGING EDITOR.—We shall have to lay
 you off, Mr. Screed. Sorry; but I hope you feel
 resigned to what can't be helped.

SCREED.—No, I don't feel resigned a little bit;
 I feel fired!

FEARFUL.

"That Philadelphia epidemic is awful."

"I had n't heard of it."

"What? Why a hundred and two people
 died of ennui there in one week."

COULD N'T CHANGE IT.

"I'm afraid, after all, I shall have to change
 my mind," said Howler.

"You won't be able to, unless you pay the
 other fellow a bonus," said Growler.

OF COURSE.

"Do you know what the police telegraph-
 wires are made of?"

"Copper."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

MAUDLE.—Why is it that all the unhappy
 wives go into the lecturing field?

CAUDLE.—That seems to be the only business
 they ever learned.



There is always a best even
 among a score of good things,
 and every pipe smoker who
 has tried the Mastiff brand
 acknowledges it to be the
 sweetest, coolest smoking
 tobacco made. It does not
 bite the tongue, and is posi-
 tively free from any foreign
 mixture.

276

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Arnold, Constable & Co. FALL NOVELTIES.

Lyons Silks, Velvets,
 Welsh Homespuns, Bengalines,
 Scotch Cheviots, Tailor-Made Suitings,
 Jackets and Wraps,
 Paris Suits, India Shawls.

CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY.

Broadway & 19th st.
 New York.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INKS FROM BERGER & WIRTH 190 William St. NEW YORK LEIPZIG Germany. LONDON England.

PUCK'S LIBRARY.

10 CTS. PER COPY.

\$1.20 PER YEAR.

- 51.—"Whiskers." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Country Cousins.
- 50.—"Spoons." Being Puck's Best Things About Moony Mortals.
- 49.—"Fads and Fancies." Being Puck's Best Things About Various Vanities.

THE BACK-NUMBERS OF

- 48.—"Across the Ranch." Being Puck's Best Things About The World on Wheels.
- 47.—"Here and There." Being Puck's Best Things About Happenings in Both Places.
- 46.—"Togs." Being Puck's Best Things About Rags, Tags and Velvet Gowns.
- 45.—"All in the Family." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Happy Households.
- 44.—"Dollars and Cents." Being Puck's Best Things About The Scramble for Scads.
- 43.—"Cold Days." Being Puck's Best Things About Chilly Chunks of Frosty Fate.
- 42.—"Chow Chow." Being Puck's Best Things About This and That.
- 41.—"Just Landed." Being Puck's Best Things About Folks from Faraway.
- 40.—"Dumb Critters." Being Puck's Best Things About The Humorous Side of Animal Life.
- 39.—"Human Nature." Being Puck's Best Things About That Curious Customer, Man.
- 38.—"Humor." Being Puck's Best Things About Crooks and Uprights.
- 37.—"Kids." Being Puck's Best Things About The Junior Generation.
- 36.—"Darktown Doings." Being Puck's Best Things About Afro (and other) Americans.
- 35.—"Profess." Being Puck's Best Things About Intellectual Individuals and Their Idiosyncrasies.

- 34.—"Ups and Downs." Being Puck's Best Things About Life, Luck and Lucr.
- 33.—"Freaks." Being Puck's Best Things About Fantastic Folks and Fads.
- 32.—"Job Lots." Being Puck's Best Things About Business Busts and Booms.
- 31.—"Household Happenings." Being Puck's Best Things About The Fun and Fancy of Home Life.
- 30.—"Fun at Zero." Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.
- 29.—"Round Town." Being Puck's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.
- 28.—"Snap-Shots." Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.
- 27.—"All at Sea." Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
- 26.—"Fly-Time." Being Puck's Best Things About The Torrid Term.

PUCK'S LIBRARY

- 25.—"Out Doors." Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.
- 24.—"On The Road." Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.
- 23.—"Best Girl." Being Puck's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.
- 22.—"Show Business." Being Puck's Best Things About Artists and Fakirs.
- 21.—"Very Young Man." Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.
- 20.—"Hi! Art." Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.
- 19.—"Chin." Being Puck's Best Things About Barbers, Book-agents and other Bores.
- 18.—"Out West." Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.

- 17.—"Is Marriage a Failure?" Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-law and Other Matrimonial Matters.
- 16.—"The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.
- 15.—"City Sketches." Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Metropolis.
- 14.—"Brudder Shinbones." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Colored Sassaity.
- 13.—"Help." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Servant Girl.
- 12.—"Suburban." Being Puck's Best Things About The Country of the Commuter.
- 11.—"Shop." Being Puck's Best Things About The Busy World of Trade.
- 10.—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Traveler.
- 9.—"Freddy's Slate." Being His Own Record of His Doings and Sayings.
- 8.—"The Great American Boarding-House." Being Puck's Best Things About That Abode of Happiness.
- 7.—"Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens." Being Puck's Best Things About Americans of All Nationalities.
- 6.—"Sassaity." Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Fashion and Frivolity.
- 5.—"The Funny Baby." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.
- 4.—"Hayseed Hits." Being Puck's Best Things About the Merry Rustic and His Ways.

ARE NEVER OUT OF PRINT

- 3.—"Just Dog." Being Puck's Best Things About That Amosin' Animile.
- 2.—"The Summer-Boarder." Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.
- 1.—"The National Game." Being Puck's Best Things About Base-Ball.

PUCK'S LIBRARY.

10 CTS. PER COPY.

\$1.20 PER YEAR.

PUCK'S OPPER BOOK.

By Mail, 35 Cents.

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."

Price, One Dollar.

THIS FUNNY WORLD.

By Mail, 35 Cents.

PUCK.



They annoy the gentle African.



They bother the poor pagan of Borneo.



They irritate the harmless East Indian.



They harass the child-like Chinaman.



They madden the mild native of Madagascar.



And they leave the heathen of their native country to take care of themselves.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

OUR INTELLIGENT AND EFFICIENT FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.